

LOST LOVE
© 2006 Peter Papadopoulos
(Sample)

TITO

Violence is not the answer to everything.

MITZY

I totally agree.

TITO

Just because some people
are bothering you
harassing you,
calling you faggot
and shit
when you're not even gay,
well, just because they're calling me these names
it doesn't mean I should just crush them
use violence on them,
beat them,
shoot them,
crack their head with a baseball bat.

MITZY

Of course not.

TITO

No, violence is not the answer.
There are other options available to an individual.
And sometimes
what seems like strength
is not really strength at all,
just a traditional way of
masking male insecurity.

MITZY

Uh-huh.

TITO

Because it can often seem easier
to crush something
than learn to coexist with it.
Because then you don't have to contend with
all of the difficulties that come with this

trying relationship,
which can in fact be
a hidden opportunity
for real growth.

MITZY

Hmmn.

TITO

Did you know that boys are more sensitive than girls?

MITZY

Uh, no, I didn't.

TITO

If you take a baby away from its mother
on average
a baby boy will cry much faster than its female counterpart.

MITZY

Really.

TITO

They're much more sensitive.

MITZY

I did not know that.

Pause.

TITO

My mother died when I was eight.

MITZY

Oh. I'm terribly sorry.

TITO

It's okay.

I'm sorry about...
your wedding
and everything.

MITZY

I really can't think about that right now.

TITO

Of course.

Pause.

Maybe everybody is okay.

MITZY

Maybe.

Long, uncomfortable silence.

MITZY

It's not you, really.
It's just the pressure.

TITO

Yes, of course.

Who knows whether we will live or die today.
And countless others...
our friends and loved ones
with the grace of God
perhaps still clinging to rooftops
waiting to be rescued.

The elderly
dehydrated
surrounded by dark, swirling waters
crying out for their medicine
clutching at their hearts
their children and grandchildren
no way to help
only to watch over them
and weep
and pray for a helicopter
and offer what little comfort
there is to offer.

A somber silence.

MITZY

Yes, that's all true.
Of course.

But I was actually referring to the pressure

of valet parking.

TITO

Oh.

MITZY

That's why I don't like it.
It has nothing to do with you.
The whole pressure of the thing just makes me nervous.

TITO

What pressure?
There's no pressure.

MITZY

Well, yes, yes,
yes there is.

First of all:
you have to turn your car over
to a complete stranger.

TITO

A professional valet.

MITZY

A professional valet, yes.
But a complete stranger, nonetheless.
So, from the time you realize
while pulling up
that it's going to be valet parking
until you hand off the keys to the valet
you have about twelve seconds maybe,
if that much,
to scan the inside of your car
to put away things,
hide things—

TITO

WHAT things?

MITZY

Any things that you wouldn't want a stranger to see.

TITO

A professional valet.

MITZY

A professional valet, yes.

TITO

But a complete stranger.

MITZY

Exactly—A COMPLETE STRANGER.

TITO

A HISPANIC complete stranger.

MITZY

I DIDN'T SAY THAT.

TITO

Who's lower class
and has probably done some time in the big house, right?

MITZY

I didn't.
Say that.

TITO

We haven't ALL
been in jail, you know.

MITZY

ANY complete stranger!
Any complete stranger
that you wouldn't want to see certain things,
certain things that may be hanging around in your car.

EMBARRASSING things like:
tampons or condoms or sketchy photographs of you in lingerie
that you foolishly let your ex-boyfriend take when you were drunk.

Or VALUABLE things like:
money or gold watches or the pearl necklace that your grandmother gave you when you
visited her in the hospital but that you just decided not to wear at the last minute while
driving across town because it draws too much attention to your bust line and it really
isn't that kind of an affair.

Or

STRANGE things—
DANGEROUS things—
things that could land you in jail
troublesome things that you didn't even know you owned
—because you DON'T really own them—
but that might have somehow ended up in your car anyways,
someone left them there,
a friend
or a relative
or someone who wants to frame you
to get back at you
for some perceived slight you did them
two years ago at a party
and you didn't even know about it
the slight
because you really didn't mean anything
they misunderstood why you were laughing
you weren't even listening to their conversation
about how she had just miscarried for the third time
because that's nothing to laugh about, is it?
It was something totally unrelated that caused you to laugh—
the host of the party
who takes so much pride in being
just so Mister Perfect
had frosting in his hair
that's what was so funny
not some terrible offense to this other woman
who thought you were mocking her grief
and now—she is framing you,
and she has hidden something in your car to get you into trouble like
a gun,
or heroin,
or a terrorist bomb-making kit.

And so you only have twelve seconds
before you have to give up your car to this valet
this PROFESSIONAL VALET
to find this object and get rid of it,
scanning the area in the car around you
as you slowly pull up to the stand
and there's not really enough time to check everywhere
nine seconds
the passenger's seat
five seconds
the front floor
three

to hide this scary thing
two
the glove compartment
one second
a quick check of the backseat—ALL CLEAR!
He opens the door
—shoot, I didn't get to check the trunk—
I should make up some excuse
some reason to check the trunk,
as he holds out his hand for your keys,
and you don't want to seem suspicious
but maybe there's a dead body in there?
He smiles and hands you your ticket.
Maybe the smell coming from the trunk will tip him off
and he'll call the cops,
and then I'm off to prison
all because of some stupid frosting in some stupid guy's hair!

But I thank the valet
as I walk away
in spite of myself
even though I HATE VALET PARKING
and I HATE THIS VALET
and I HATE THE WHOLE WORLD RIGHT NOW,
but I thank him
because I don't want to seem rude
and because I don't want him to key my car or
take it out joyriding or something
and...
because that's all there is left to do.

The worst twelve seconds of my day.

That is, until I have to return to valet parking at the end of the affair
to pick up my car.

Pause.

TITO

They've never actually found a dead body in the trunk of your car, have they?

MITZY

Of course not, that's not the point!
What I'm trying to tell you—
(realizing)

Ohhhh!

TITO
(*nodding*)
Only found two so far.

MITZY
OHHHHHHHHH...

TITO
(*pointing to the sky*)
LOOK!

TITO starts frantically waving and screaming.

TITO
HEY!
OVER HERE!
WE'RE OVER HERE!

MITZY sees the helicopter and joins in.

MITZY/TITO
OVER HERE!!!
WE'RE OVER HERE!!!
HEEEEEEEELLLP!!!

The sound of the helicopter grows as it moves in closer to them.